"OVER THE TOP"

BY AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT ☆ ☆

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

CHAPTER XXVI—Continued.

—26—

Right now I can see the butt of that gun trembling. The Scottie made a complete turn in the air, hit the ground, rolling over twice, each time clawing at the earth, and then remained still, about four feet from me, in a sort of sitting position. I called to him, "Are you hurt badly, Jock?" but no answer. He was dead. A dark red smudge was coming through his tunic right under the heart. The blood ran down his bare knees, making a horrible sight. On his right side he carried his water bottle. I was crazy for a drink and tried to reach this, but for the life of me could not negotiate that four feet. Then I became unconscious. When I woke up I was in an advanced first-aid post. I asked the doctor if we had taken the trench. "We took the trench and the wood beyond, all right," he said, "and you fellows did your bit; but, my lad, that was thirty-six hours ago. You were lying in No Man's Land in that bally hole for a day and a half. It's a wonder you are alive." He also told me that out of the twenty that were in the raiding party, seventeen were killed. The officer died of wounds in crawling back to our trench and I was severely wounded, but one fellow returned without a scratch, without any prisoners. No doubt this chap was the one who had sneezed and improperly cut the barbed wire.

In the official communique our trench raid was described as follows:

"All quiet on the western front, excepting in the neighborhood of Gommecourt wood, where one of our raiding parties penetrated into the German lines."

It is needless to say that we had no use for our persuaders or come-alongs, as we brought back no prisoners, and until I die Old Pepper's words, "Personally I don't believe that that part of the German trench is occupied," will always come to me when I hear some fellow trying to get away with a flahy statement. I will judge it accordingly.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Blighty.

From this first-aid post, after inoculating me with antitetanus serum to prevent lockjaw, I was put into an ambulance and sent to a temporary hospital behind the lines. To reach this hospital we had to go along a road about five miles in length. This road was under shell fire, for now and then a flare would light up the sky—a tremendous explosion—and then the road seemed to tremble. We did not mind, though no doubt some of us wished that a shell would hit us and end our misery. Personally, I was not particular. It was nothing but bump, jolt, rattle, and bang.

Several times the driver would turn around and give us a "Cheero, mates, we'll soon be there—" fine fellows, those ambulance drivers, a lot of them go West, too.

We gradually drew out of the fire zone and pulled up in front of an immense dugout. Stretcher-bearers carried me down a number of steps and placed me on a white table in a brightly lighted room.

A sergeant of the Royal Army Medical corps removed my bandages and cut off my tunic. Then the doctor, with his sleeves rolled up, took charge. He winked at me and I winked back, and then he asked, "How do you feel, smashed up a bit?"

I answered: "I'm all right, but I'd give a quid for a drink of Bass."

He nodded to the sergeant, who disappeared, and I'll be darned if he didn't return with a glass of ale. I could only open my mouth about a quarter of an inch, but I got away with every drop of that ale. It tasted just like Blighty, and that is heaven to Tommy.

The doctor said something to an orderly, the only word I could catch was "chloroform," then they put some kind of an arrangement over my nose and mouth and it was me for dreamland.

When I opened my eyes I was lying on a stretcher, in a low wooden building. Everywhere I looked I saw rows of Tommies on stretchers, some dead to the world, and the rest with fags in their mouths.

The main topic of their conversation was Blighty. Nearly all had a grin on their faces, except those who didn't have enough face left to grin with. I grinned with my right eye, the other was bandaged.

Stretcher-bearers came in and began to carry the Tommies outside. You could hear the chug of the engines in the waiting ambulances.

I was put into an ambulance with three others and away we went for an eighteen-mile ride.

I was on a bottom stretcher. The lad right across from me was smashed up something horrible.

Right above me was a man from the Royal Irish rifles, while across from him was a Scotchman.

We had gone about three miles when I heard the death-rattle in the throat of the man opposite. He had gone to rest across the Great Divide. I think at the time I envied him.

The man of the Royal Irish rifles had had his left foot blown off, the jolting of the ambulance over the rough road had loosened up the bandages on his foot, and had started it bleeding again. This blood ran down the side of the stretcher and started dripping. I was lying on my back, too weak to move, and the dripping of this blood got me in my unbandaged right eye. I closed my eye and pretty soon could not open the lid; the blood had congealed and closed it, as if it were glued down.

An English girl dressed in khaki was driving the ambulance, while beside her on the seat was a corporal of the R. A. M. C. They kept up a running conversation about Blighty which almost wrecked my nerves; pretty soon from the stretcher above me, the Irishman became aware of the fact that the bandage from his foot had become loose; it must have pained him horribly, because he yelled in a loud voice:

"If you don't stop this bloody death wagon and fix this d—— bandage on my foot, I will get out and walk."

The girl on the seat turned around and in a sympathetic voice asked, "Poor fellow, are you very badly wounded?"

The Irishman, at this question, let out a howl of indignation and answered, "Am I very badly wounded, what bloody cheek; no, I'm not wounded, I've only been kicked by a canary bird."

The ambulance immediately stopped, and the corporal came to the rear and fixed him up, and also washed out my right eye. I was too weak to thank him, but it was a great relief. Then I must have become unconscious, because when I regained my senses, the ambulance was at a standstill, and my stretcher was being removed from it.

It was night, lanterns were flashing here and there, and I could see stretcher-bearers hurrying to and fro. Then I was carried into a hospital train.

The inside of this train looked like heaven to me, just pure white, and we met our first Red Cross nurses; we thought they were angels. And they were.

Nice little soft bunks and clean, white sheets.

A Red Cross nurse sat beside me during the whole ride which lasted three hours. She was holding my wrist; I thought I had made a hit, and tried to tell her how I got wounded, but she would put her finger to her lips and say, "Yes, I know, but you mustn't talk now, try to go to sleep, it'll do you good, doctor's orders." Later on I learned that she was taking my pulse every few minutes, as I was very weak from the loss of blood and they expected me to snuff it, but I didn't.

From the train we went into ambulances for a short ride to the hospital ship Panama. Another palace and more angels. I don't remember the trip across the channel.

I opened my eyes; I was being carried on a stretcher through lanes of people, some cheering, some waving flags, and others crying. The flags were Union Jacks, I was in Southampton. Blighty at last. My stretcher was strewn with flowers, cigarettes, and chocolates. Tears started to run down my cheek from my good eye. I like a booby was crying. Can you beat it?—

Then into another hospital train, a five-hour ride to Paignton, another ambulance ride, and then I was carried into Munsey ward of the American Women's War hospital and put into a real bed.

This real bed was too much for my unstrung nerves and I fainted.

When I came to, a pretty Red Cross nurse was bending over me, bathing my forehead with cold water, then she left and the ward orderly placed a screen around my bed, and gave me a much-needed bath and clean pajamas. Then the screen was removed and a bowl of steaming soup was given me. It tasted delicious.

Before finishing my soup the nurse came back to ask me my name and number. She put this information down in a little book and then asked:

"Where do you come from?" I answered:

"From the big town behind the Statue of Liberty;" upon hearing this she started jumping up and down, clapping her hands, and calling out to three nurses across the ward:

"Come here, girls—at last we have got a real live Yankee with us."

They came over and besieged me with questions, until the doctor arrived. Upon learning that I was an American he almost crushed my hand in his grip of welcome. They also were Americans, and were glad to see me.

The doctor very tenderly removed my bandages and told me, after viewing my wounds, that he would have to take me to the operating theater immediately. Personally I didn't care what was done with me.

In a few minutes, four orderlies who looked like undertakers dressed in white, brought a stretcher to my bed and placing me on it carried me out of the ward, across a courtyard to the operating room or "pictures," as Tommy calls it.

I don't remember having the anesthestic applied.

When I came to I was again lying in a bed in Munsey ward. One of the nurses had draped a large American flag over the head of the bed, and clasped in my hand was a smaller flag, and it made me feel good all over to again see the "Stars and Stripes."

At that time I wondered when the boys in the trenches would see the emblem of the "land of the free and the home of the brave" beside them, doing its bit in this great war of civilization.

My wounds were very painful, and several times at night I would dream that myriads of khaki-clothed figures would pass my bed and each would stop, bend over me, and whisper, "The best of luck, mate."

Soaked with perspiration I would awake with a cry, and the night nurse would come over and hold my hand. This awakening got to be a habit with me until that particular nurse was transferred to another ward.

In three weeks' time, owing to the careful treatment received, I was able to sit up and get my bearings. Our ward contained seventy-five patients, 90 per cent of which were surgical cases. At the head of each bed hung a temperature chart and diagnosis sheet. Across this sheet would be written "G. S. W." or "S. W.," the former meaning gun shot wound and the latter shell wound. The "S. W." predominated, especially among the Royal Field artillery and Royal engineers.

About forty different regiments were represented, and many arguments ensued as to the respective fighting ability of each regiment. The rivalry was wonderful. A Jock arguing with an Irishman, then a strong Cockney accent would butt in in favor of a London regiment. Before long a Welshman, followed by a member of a Yorkshire regiment, and, perhaps, a Canadian intrude themselves and the argument waxes loud and furious. The patients in the beds start howling for them to settle their dispute outside and the ward is in an uproar. The head sister comes along and with a wave of the hand completely routs the doughty warriors and again silence reigns supreme.

Wednesday and Sunday of each week were visiting days and were looked forward to by the men, because they meant parcels containing fruit, sweets or fags. When a patient had a regular visitor, he was generally kept well supplied with these delicacies. Great jealousy is shown among the men as to their visitors and many word wars ensue after the visitors leave.

When a man is sent to a convalescent home, he generally turns over his steady visitor to the man in the next bed.

Most visitors have autograph albums and bore Tommy to death by asking him to write the particulars of his wounding in same. Several Tommies try to duck this unpleasant job by telling the visitors that they cannot write, but this never phases the owner of the album; he or she, generally she, offers to write it for them and Tommy is stung into telling his experiences.

The questions asked Tommy by visitors would make a clever joke book to a military man.

Some kindly looking old lady will stop at your bed and in a sympathetic voice address you: "You poor boy, wounded by those terrible Germans, You must be suffering frightful pain. A bullet, did you say? Well, tell me, I have always wanted to know, did it hurt worse going in or coming out?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

VELOCITY OF BIG SHELLS

Geometer Uses Problem of How Long Time Is Required for Stone to Fall to Center of Earth.

Studying the velocity of shells and bullets fired in the war led Maurice Sauger, a French geometer, to turn to the old question of the time it would take a stone to fall to the center of the earth. His conclusion was that it would take about 20 minutes 34 seconds.

Gassenddi, who gave the subject much thought in the last century, made the time 20 minutes even. Mersenne on the other hand contended that six hours would be required.

Sauger says that as the stone approached the center of the earth it would be drawn downward by the core of the earth and upward by the shell which it had already penetrated. The rate at which the density of the earth varies or increases as we penetrate to greater depths is unknown. Sauger's formula is based upon considerations of the moment of inertia of the earth, as calculated from the precession of the equinoxes, which agree with observations on the density of the earth conducted in mine shafts.

If a shaft were driven right through the earth the stone would appear at the Antipodes after 38 minutes 30 seconds and then return to its starting point, at which it would make its reappearance at the end of 1 hour 17 minutes.

The Feminine Ending.

There is quite a campaign afoot against the use of the feminine termination "ess" in words which are purely English, and it is to be hoped that it will succeed in putting an end to such a concoction as "conductress," which is endeavoring to creep in, in spite of the very cold shoulder given of late to "authoress" and "poetess." It is ugly for one thing, and for another, it is bad English. "Ess" should be added only to a word which is a direct importation from the French language. For instance, there is no objection to "abbess" or "duchess;" those words are correct, and have long been sanctioned. It might be said that sanction for "poetess" is to be found in such a master of English as Dryden, for he speaks of Mrs. Anne Killigrew as a poetess. The best reply to this is that, for once, Dryden was wrong, both in his estimate of the lady's literary powers, and in the form of the word which he used to express that estimate.—Christian Science Monitor.

Instinct Stronger Than Reason.

That even in man instinct is sometimes stronger than reason is illustrated: by the following incidents There had been shipped on a Mississippi river steamboat a box with a glass cover, containing a very active rattlesnake. Whenever anyone approached the box the serpent would strike the cover. The owner of the reptile challenged anyone to hold his finger on the glass and let the rattler strike at it. There was no danger, and it seemed an easy thing to do. First one and then another tried it, but when the snake gave its vicious spring the finger was invariably drawn back with a jerk. Instinct was stronger than reason and will combined.

Concentrate!

The weakest living creature, by concentrating on a single object, can accomplish something; whereas the strongest, by dispersing his attention over many things, may fail to accomplish anything.

The Girl and the Tambourine

by Martha Gaiser

IT WAS the Saturday before Christmas. The winter's day was fast disappearing as Tom Danvers and John Harding stepped out of the club and joined the moving holiday crowd. For an hour they had watched it through the window as they smoked and talked, and Tom, while he had been much amused at John's cynical comment, had taken it all as a joke, for John was never pessimistic. Now as they walked down the crowded thoroughfare conversation was difficult, and John was unusually silent. Recalling bits of phrases in their recent conversation, it suddenly occurred to Tom that there had been an unaccustomed tone, even a note of bitterness, underlying the smile and lightly spoken words of his oldest and best friend, whom he felt he knew as he did himself. At the thought he looked sharply and piercingly at him, but the strong, resolute profile bore no trace of the cynicism of the last hour, much less evidence of its cause. It was just imagination, Tom concluded.

As they stood waiting for a cross-town car an observant and clever beggar approached. Tom answered the appeal with a coin.

"Not from me," said John, in a disapproving tone.

"Oh, well, it's Christmas time," said Tom.

"Yes, that's just it, and he knows it and makes capital of it. It is sympathetic or sentimental charity, and I don't approve of it."

"Upon my word, Tom, you are funny this afternoon. What is the matter with you? First you condemn

"It's Christmas, You Know."

women, then you denounce this happy holiday crowd as a 'passing show,' and now this poor beggar. It's well you are going to be with me for a while; you need the home influence, and—by Jove! you need a wife! That is the antidote for you, old fellow," he concluded, emphasizing his conviction with a slap on the back.

"No, thank you," was the laughing reply as they stepped aboard the car.

It was well filled. Across from the friends sat two good-looking women, evidently mother and daughter. Next to the younger woman sat a sweet-faced Salvation Army girl, with her tambourine in her lap. Her plain dark blue dress was in marked contrast to the fashionable suit and beautiful furs of the ladies beside her. Suddenly the younger of the two turned and spoke to her. She smilingly responded and shook her head, but as the other continued to urge a wistful look came into the Army girl's face as she glanced about the car.

"No, no," they heard her say; "the conductor would not allow me. The rules are very strict," she added in explanation. For a moment or so there was silence, and over the faces of both showed disappointment.

Then suddenly the younger woman, with the color suffusing her lovely face, caught up the tambourine and, depositing a coin in it, started down the car, ignoring the shocked and expostulating "Nancy!" and the detaining hand of her astonished companion. Passing from passenger to passenger, she extended the tambourine, always with a little smile and "It's Christmas, you know," or some little word, until each one felt it a privilege to contribute something. As she turned by the door the conductor stepped forward with, "Please, miss, I want to add something to that, too."

Flushing, she exclaimed, "Oh! thank you so much."

She passed on to her seat and returned to its owner the tambourine, that never before had received contributions so promptly and cheerfully bestowed.

John Harding's hand had gone at once into his pocket when he realized what the girl was doing, and now he was watching her with an almost awe-struck interest—her lovely, sympathetic face, as she talked earnestly to the little worker in blue, apparently unconscious that her sudden impulse had first astounded and then knit together in kindly sympathy an entire car of strangers.

"By Jove! that was a great thing to do," said Tom enthusiastically, when the tension of an absorbing interest had subsided a little.

"Yes, I never saw its equal," replied John. After a moment's hesitation he added: "I should like to know that girl. Do you suppose we could find out who she is?"

"We can try," his friend replied; "but why do you want to know?"

"Well, I do," John answered curtly. Tom glanced quizzically at him and smiled to himself. This was another phase of John he was just getting acquainted with. When the car reached the railway station where John and Tom were going to take a train for Tom's suburban home, the two women also left the car. They went straight to the ticket window. Tom took out his commutation book and passed it to John.

"You follow them and I will join you," he whispered, the spirit of mischief and adventure now possessing him. Having bought their tickets, the women turned from the window and hurried to the train. There in the same car Tom found them all.

"Well, if this isn't luck," he exclaimed, as soon as he was seated. And then, with the air of a boy bursting with news, he said: "They are going to D——."

"Yes, I know it," Harding replied. But as he vouched no information and did not seem inclined to talk, Tom took refuge in his paper and promptly forgot the whole affair, until he was abruptly called back by:

"Tom, I cannot tell you when a thing so impressed me as that did"—as if there could be but one "that."

"That?" asked Tom, a little puzzled. Then, "Oh, I thought you did not believe in that kind of charity—sympathetic and sentimental, I think you called it," he teasingly reminded him, remembering the crisp bill John had dropped in the tambourine.

"Oh, that is altogether different," John answered, half defiantly.

"Yes, different because a pretty girl made this appeal, an old man the other," laughed Tom. "But, tell me, how do you adjust your acts to theories?"

"Oh, theories, the dickens! What are they ever compared to acts? And that act this afternoon was a spontaneous expression of the true Christmas spirit, from which springs the desire to help, to bring some joy to a lot of poor unfortunates, because 'it's Christmas, you know,'" he quoted softly. "It was the real thing, and everybody in the car felt it."

And having, as it were, justified his position and interest, he looked across at the unconscious subject of their remarks. Truly she was good to look at, though at present all he could see was the well-cut profile and the glorious copperish-brown hair turning to dull gold where the western sun struck it, and eyes, that with her mood, he knew, varied from hazel to brown. A veritable gem of a girl, he thought, as she began adjusting her furs. With an intuitive feeling of understanding her, he turned to Tom.

"Don't mention the affair to anyone, not even Mary, for it would not please her, I am sure," he added, as the train pulled up at D——.

The station was small and John had just finished greeting Mrs. Danvers, when Billy Grant's deep voice broke in: "Hello, Harding; glad to see you," as they shook hands.

Grant, an old friend of both Harding and Danvers, also lived in D——.

"Now, I want you to meet our friends, for its cold and I want to get home."

While Tom and John were bowing in acknowledgment to "Mrs. North and Miss North," their host chatted on about its being "too bad they couldn't have met at the other end of the line, as long as they happened to be on the same train."

Nancy North threw a quick glance at Harding, but otherwise no outward sign was given, as he walked with her to the car, that they had ever seen one another before or that the same thought was in the minds of both, but John was so strangely elated that Miss North's color deepened each time she looked up and met his smiling eyes.

"Now, don't you fellows keep our bridge waiting tonight," called Grant, as he gave the signal to start.

"I'll guarantee our arrival on time, Grant," answered John, well satisfied with the arrangement, whether it was chance or fate, for somewhere within him something was thrillingly alert, tantalizingly expectant, confidently hopeful, and the feeling of the afternoon that had expressed itself in cynicism and manifested itself in loneliness was gone.

At the wedding reception of John Harding and Nancy North, six months later, many of the guests were curious as to the presence in the gay assemblage of guests of a sweet-faced little woman in the dress of the Salvation Army, who was the recipient of much attention from the bride and groom, and was quite a center of attraction as she related again and again the remarkable story of that December afternoon, after which all looked with greater interest and understood why in the array of handsome and costly wedding gifts an old and battered tambourine occupied the place of honor.

When Papering Walls.

Add a little soda to the paste when papering walls. This will prevent the ravages of insects or spiders, which eat the paste. Not a greater quantity of soda than will lie on a nickel should be used, however, as too much will be apt to draw the color of the paper.

Lost.

She stood beneath the mistletoe
And she was fair to see,
My wife was in the room, and so
That chance was lost to me.

CHILDREN'S DAY.

Put by your thoughts of battle,
Put by your dreams of strife,
Though muskets still may rattle
Though hearts with hate are rife
The Christmas bells are ringing,
Their message blithe and gay,
And voices should be singing,
This is the children's day.

Put by your fear of sorrow,
Put by your dread of loss;
Perhaps for you tomorrow
The crown above the cross.
The Christmas bells are pealing
From near and far away;
A glint of gold revealing:
This is the children's day.

Forget the world's dark story
On bloody pages set;
The lives that dreaming glory
Meet death instead, forget.
The Christmas bells are sounding
Though skies may still be gray
Send choruses resounding,
This is the children's day.

—L. M. Thornton.

You Never Can Tell

By IMES MacDONALD

The roving eye of youth is ever eager for adventure. Romance lurks just around the next corner and the man or girl of dreams is ever a potential possibility, for in the eyes of youth no dream, no matter how improbable it may seem, is entirely impossible. "You never can tell" is the slogan of youth—"you never can tell."

"You never can tell," thought Summer Lane as she tripped lightly along toward her job at the library. "Something might happen today—you never can tell." And she hummed a snatch of song as she started on her regular routine. But her lunch hour came and nothing had happened. At five o'clock she started home and nothing had happened. She entered her little apartment and found Alice Martin, a pretty schoolteacher with whom she lived, already there—and still nothing had happened—and then the telephone rang and indifferently Summer leaned toward it from where she sat on the couch.

"Is this Miss Lane, Miss Summer Lane?" asked a man's strange but very nice voice.

"Yes," said Summer, "this is Summer Lane," and her eyes opened very wide.

"I am Lawrence Gardner, from Chicago, an old friend of Elsie Turner's who was a school friend of yours, I believe. She told me to be sure to look you up while I was in town and so I am doing it."

Summer swallowed three distinct but very rapid separate times before she could reply. "And now that you've 'phoned—are you coming up to see me?" she invited.

"I'd love to," he said genially, "but what about the theater or somewhere tonight. Is there any particular show you'd like to see? They're all new to me, you know."

"I've been wanting to go to 'The Eyes of Youth,'" said Summer breathlessly.

"'The Eyes of Youth' it is then," he laughed, "and if I call about 7:30 will that be all right?"

"Splendid—and I'll be ready," sang Summer joyously, "and I'm just so glad you called, Mr. Gardner, you don't know how glad. It was terribly nice of Elsie to send you."

It happened to be Alice's night for doing the dishes, and when she came into their bedroom after her task was done she gasped in astonishment.

"My goodness, Summer! You're all dressed up like a queen. I never saw you look so ravishing and—so—so reckless, you bright-eyed thing! Who is this Gardner person, anyway?"

But Summer only laughed gayly and twirled about on her toes. Just then the bell rang and she danced toward the electric button to let the ringer in and then skipped to the door to admit Lawrence Gardner.

For a long moment adventure clasped the hand of romance, and each looked deep into the eyes of the other. Romance so shyly and radiantly lovely—and adventure so well groomed and stalwart, with smiling, quizzical eyes and genial, friendly manner.

And a few moments later they descended the stairs and were whirled away in a taxi, and when they had returned after the show he left her at the door regretfully.

"It has been a perfectly wonderful evening," said Summer, "and it was very dear of Elsie to tell you about me."

"Shall I see you again tomorrow?" he asked eagerly.

"You—you never can tell," she answered demurely and vanished within.

A short time later she related to Alice the events of the evening. "And he is so attentive and thoughtful and jolly in a quiet sort of way! I just had a be-au-tiful time," she chattered. Alice eyed Summer suspiciously. "Summer Lane, are you going to fall love with that Gardner person?" she demanded sternly.

With brilliant eyes and flushing cheeks Summer reached up to turn out the light, then turned and groped to her bed, and as she pulled the covers up to her chin she chuckled a little in the darkness there. "You never can tell, Alice, old dear—you never can tell."

A week passed—two weeks—and each day Lawrence Gardner either made it a point to see Summer Lane or to telephone her—usually he saw her. Three weeks passed—and a month—and still he lingered in New York! Until one morning at his hotel he received a night letter from his father that made him grin just a bit, but as usual that afternoon he happened to meet Summer at the library and strolled home with her.

"Let's have a nice little home party with Alice tonight," suggested Summer. And so they did. He helped set the table and ran out at the last minute to get ice cream for the dessert. And after the dishes were done he and Summer sat side by side on the couch while Gardner smoked his pipe in contented silence.

"Summer," he said, after a long interval, "I've got a confession to make." He reached over and drew the telephone book toward him, opening it at the "Lanes." She sat on one foot and leaned close to him watching curiously as his finger slid down the column of names. Finally he pointed out the name of a firm—"Lane, Summers & Griggs, Importers." "You see," he explained, "the day I called you up I had occasion to call up these people. The name just above theirs is "—and he pointed out her own—" 'Lane, Miss Summer, librarian.' Now," he went on, "that name of yours interested me so that I got curious to hear your voice, and when I had heard your voice I was determined to see you. Of course I didn't know any such person as Elsie Turner in Chicago, but I soon realized that by some strange coincidence you did—because you're always ringing her into the conversation and making it uncomfortable for me. I just—didn't want to go on any longer under false colors, so to speak, so I had to tell you."

Summer pulled the telephone book out of his hand and hugged it up to her breast, at the same time rolling him an accusing look out of the corner of her dancing eye. Then she bunched up her shoulders and laughed merrily.

"Silly," she giggled. "Don't you suppose I knew you didn't know me from Adam, nor any Elsie Turner person, either? Why, I never even heard of her myself!"

"What?" Lawrence Gardner's pipe fell out of his mouth and he sat up eagerly. "You were pretending, too?"

But Summer would not look at him and only nodded with downcast eyes. So Gardner drew from his pocket the telegram he had received from his father that morning and she read it with flushing cheeks.

"What in Sam Hill's keeping you so long in New York? You ought to have finished there ten days ago. I'm buried to my eyes in work here, so for heaven's sake marry the girl—and come home.

"Yours, DAD."

The telegram fluttered to the floor and Summer started to rise, but Gardner reached up and dragged her down beside him.

"Dad's a wise old boy," he said, with his cheek against hers; "will you marry me, Summer?"

And Summer snuggled a bit, as she murmured, "You never can tell, Larry, dear. Something like that's liable to happen most any day, now."

Music in Prisons.

In a paper read before a convention of music teachers, the musical director of a well-known prison said that the band and orchestra maintained in the institution with which he was connected was as important a part of the prison life as any of the industries which contributed to make the prison self-supporting.

The mayor of an important middle-Western city said not long ago: "Music operates to destroy anarchistic tendencies; to foster, preserve and operate constructive citizenship. It is unnecessary to defend the usefulness of music as a practical agent in life. It has been demonstrated as such. We need the spirit of music now, if ever, in a world of strife, confusion and violence. As an influence in the direction of affection and kindliness it has a place."

Fortune Tellers.

It is asserted that there is not one case on record of a man who profited by the wizardry of a fortune teller who afterward rewarded the card reader or crystal gazer, or whatever it was, by so much as even a small cash tip.

This fact shows that either patrons of fortune tellers are an exceedingly ungrateful lot, or that there isn't one of them who ever had the slightest reason for being grateful. In other words, can a fortune teller really tell fortunes?

Aerial Compasses.

Many difficulties had to be overcome in the production of a satisfactory compass for aerial work. Chief among these was that of neutralizing the magnetism of the engine (and in particular the magneto) and of preventing the effect of centrifugal force, which caused the card or dial inside the compass to swing in a direction quite independent of north when the airplane was banking on a turn. However, a truly excellent compass is now in use.

Suffering Transmuted.

Unhappiness is the hunger to get; happiness is the hunger to give. True happiness must ever have the tinge of sorrow outlived, the sense of pain softened by the mellowing years, the chastening of loss that in the wondrous mystery of time transmutes our suffering into love and sympathy with others.—William George Jordan.

ALL HAD IDEAS ABOUT FIRE

Members of Family Differed Considerably Concerning Its Proper Arrangement, Says Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The fact is, that there is no little nook of domestic life which gives snug harbor to so much self-will and self-righteousness as the family hearth; and this is particularly the case with wood fires, because, from the miscellaneous nature of the material, and the sprightly activity of the combination, there is a constant occasion for tending and alteration and so a vast field for individual opinion.

First came an enormous back log, rolled in with the strength of two men, on the top of which was piled another smaller log; and then a forestick, of a size which would entitle it to be called a log in our times, went to make the front foundation of the fire. The rearing of the ample pile thereupon was a matter of no small architectural skill, and all the ruling members of our family circle had their own opinions about its erection, and these they maintained with the zeal and pertinacity which become earnest people. My grandfather, with his grave smile, insisted that he was the only reasonable fire-builder in the establishment; but when he had arranged his sticks in the most methodical order, my grandmother would be sure to rush out with a thump here and a twitch there, and divers incoherent exclamations tending to imply that men never knew how to build a fire. Frequently her intense zeal for immediate effect would end in a general rout and roll of the sticks in all directions, with puffs of smoke down the chimney, requiring the setting open of the outside door; and then Aunt Lois would come in, and, with a face severe with determination, tear down the whole structure and rebuild from the foundation with exactest precision, but with an air that cast volumes of contempt on all that had gone before. —Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Daily Thought.

If we encountered a man of rare intellect, we should ask him what books he read.—Emerson